

DIRECTORY

ation is extended to long to any of these visit meetings when

GE, No. 27, F. & A. onic Hall the second of every month. V. M.; Fred B. Mer-

TER, No. 102, O. E. onic Hall the first of each month. Mrs. W. M. Mrs. Kerkhoven, Sec.

ORGE, No. 31, I. O. their hall every Fri- S. Silver, N. G.; D. Larry.

PEKAH LODGE, No. 22, K. of e Hall the first and second of each month. H. C. C. Machia, K. of

EMPLE, No. 68, lows' Hall the sec- Wednesday evenings Grange Hall. Mrs. M. E. C.; Mrs. Hea- of R. and C.

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The Wife-Ship Woman

By Hugh Pendexter

SYNOPSIS—Traveling by canoe on the Mississippi, on his way to Blount in the early days of the settlement of Louisiana, William Brampton, English spy, known to the Indians as the "White Indian," sees a Native American post a declaration of war against the French. For his own purpose, he hastens to Blount to carry the news to Bienville.

French governor, Brampton meets an old friend, Jos Labrador, Indian half-breed, who warns him that Bienville has threatened to hang him as a spy. Brampton refuses to turn back. He falls in with Jules and Beale, factors, on their way to Blount to secure slaves from a ship, the *Maire*, bringing women from France. At Blount, Brampton protects a woman from a sergeant's brutality.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Will you walk to where the boats are, so you may go to the main?" I asked.

"God!" she shivered, staring frantically about. "To the main? To the wilderness! To the savages! Anything to escape that!"

And her gaze followed the group of forlorn creatures now passing and mauling the two Martons.

"My name is Brampton, I'm English. Something of an outlaw from Virginia. You came to help make Louisiana great?"

"I am Claire Dahlgren, I've come to die," she simply replied.

"You fear that they misrepresented conditions to you?"

She gave me a quick sidelong glance, as sharp and penetrating as the point of a needle, and with more control of her voice informed me:

"I was picked up in a raid."

My first thought was that she must be the daughter of some poor farmer. For the company's agents in rounding up the friendless to ship overseas had no scruples in taking the daughters of the poor, be they ever so virtuous. But a glance at the slim white hands, so aristocratic and so unused to labor, sent a chill to my heart. She was poor, but no daughter of poor but honest people.

She had been picked up in a raid. That was easily understood. But a young woman with slim soft hands, who had not worked. And yet there was infinite appeal in the small face and silent grief. Her utter helplessness increased the inevitable suspicion. Anyway, it was not for me to condemn her.

I broke the silence by offering:

"I will walk with you to the shore and see you start in one of the first boats."

Her head jerked up as I spoke, because of some weakness in my tone. I fear I had not meant to be cruel for fear she was heartless and body sick, a very young woman in a land which must be to her a perpetual revelation of horrors. "It will be good to go to the boat," she managed to say. "But perhaps not the first boat it depends."

"It will largely depend on his excellency's orders," I corrected.

"But they—the women said there would be much waiting. Two for boats—I can tell better when I see them loading."

There was fine pleading and coaxing for one of her world.

"Your name is not French?" I remarked for the sake of saving something as we walked along the shore.

"Danish—I am Danish," she softly replied.

"And from Paris, or one of the villages?"

"From Paris—last. I have no home—nothing."

We were now on the outskirts of a plantation, where men and women fought to be first to leave the island. I saw little of the details of the life of the soldiers. The French was a fine sight, starting for the main. Another day room for two or three and another in his coat and cap over the railing, looking down at the water.

"That woman back there. No, the one in black—those men—"

She passed for a moment and suddenly examined those who were at the boat and then glided forward with a word or a glance to me. There was a commotion behind me and a small spider of a man, who looked like a sailor, and whose withered face showed a long time of every sort of life, was anything in physical—scattered about, and with unexpected strength, hurried two men and a woman from his path in his efforts to follow her. She heard the animal-like cry and turned her head, and there was an awful

never seen. The island, the view of the main, the nature of his fellow voyagers, had awakened him to the truth. The stock-jobber's patter was his fashion of showing self-deception, perhaps was his only safeguard against insanity. I concluded I liked him. I briefly stated my name and my reasons for being on the Mississippi.

He threw back his head and laughed, laughing until the tears ran down his thin face. At last he gasped:

"A runaway Englishman forced to live here! And a Frenchman, who gives all his path for the same blessed privilege! I must go without food, for a day and say 12 pater and as many aves at the shrine of the Virgin. No, no. Not all that. I've been without food for three days. I owe nothing more than candles to the altar. I'll turn heretic. I'll turn Indian. Eh, Monsieur Brampton, would you kindly convince me with a display of the latest steps of the war dance?"

"But he's an odd fish!" murmured Six Fingers. "He was dull enough coming over with his moping and growling until we was two days from the coast. Then he began his talk about gold till one's mouth would water. Ah, now he begins."

Narbonne, who was addressing nonsense to the circle, suddenly gave his attention to me and explained:

"I was thirsty and wandered to one of the lakes of rare wine, which bless this island, and so was not here when the boats set sail. I was so busy gathering diamonds formed from dewdrops that I lost sight of the precious jewels among us here. I missed one jewel in particular; nor do I see her now. She was dressed in black, most unholy of colors for one entering this land of enchantment. Did she go to the mainland, or is she wandering about the island?"

"In the second boat," I coldly informed him.

The effect of the question on Six Fingers was amazing. He became transformed into a demon of hate, his squat body seeming to dilate as he crouched and glared at Narbonne.

"Is—n your legs?" he cried. "So that is your game, eh? You're after her."

"What! The old six-toed rat dares address the Mississippi without uncovering? I must have one of those wretched ears." And out came the cut-and-thrust sword and Narbonne was lunging playfully and dexterously

at me. I was told on Pontchartrain that you were given to harp on a string. I was supposed to have done. I was warned that you would deal with me severely. If I fell into your hands, I asked where I could find you, and the answer was 'Ship Island.' Behold, I am here. Suppose you tell me what I have done to merit your displeasure. I have waited long here to be told."

"No, no, monsieur! Your assurance shall not blind me," he sternly replied. "I have no time to play with words. You know without being told how you have betrayed me."

I indignantly returned:

"Prove it! Or find one man to swear to on the coast, and you're welcome to get me in a coffin and saw me in two. Your excellency, the accusation is as false as—"

He shook his head and morosely insisted:

"You would have a hard time proving your innocence. You are English. For three years you have been up and down the river. I know it has been said that you are not back to Louisiana or Virginia. How do we know that is true? The last time you were here 40 of my men deserted immediately after you went up the river."

"So have they deserted before I ever saw the river. So they will continue to desert as long as they are allowed to run loose with the savages and forget the trauma of discipline. They have deserted to Pensacola as well as to the English colonies. They are protected by the priests to Pensacola even now. I repeat, on my oath that I never saw a single deserter."

He had driven me to my last word, and it is to be true to myself rather than because of your deserters that I will now say only one thing:

As I spoke I dropped on my knees in the sand and drew my knife.

At the moment, with a scream of rage Six Fingers leaped backward and vaulted over his back and landing it on the ground it at last struck me by dropping to the ground and Narbonne escaped it.

Before the matter could proceed to some serious results Sergeant Narbonne was between the two men, I fearlessly bawling:

"His excellency rules that both will leave blind. Hanging for a killing. The galley for the man who attempts to kill. You two are out of luck. Life on what rope with me and I'll hang you dead men and a woman. The rest of you stay here. And as for you, Englishman, the executioners' orders are that you be here when he returns."

"I came purposely to meet him," I said. "I'll meet again, Monsieur Narbonne."

"Monsieur is very polite. I repeat the words and look ahead at meeting who on the galley after midnight. Parley! A good digger! He! He! Come along, little six-toed rat, we may find a bit."

CHAPTER III

Bad News and Sad News.

Two years before, Narbonne de Perouse, destined from the cradle to be a soldier, was a member of the Mississippi company which placed the lower for specialists on the river. He was also made changes in the old map made by John Smith, the Englishman, as to the location of the country west of the Mississippi.

"The country is full of tribes," it is true that my own countrymen, in peopling the lands of Trade to establish military posts on the Illinois and Port Royal Island to offset the evils of France's activity in colonizing the valley, urged that the cost of these posts could be met by gold mined in the Appalachians. "If only explorations are made to discover such," But unlike the French, my peo-

ple never deliberately fooled themselves. That the company would resort to almost any deception to lure colonists to Louisiana was shown when silver was carried from Mexico to the upper waters of the Mississippi and later "discovered" there as proof of the rich mines waiting to be uncovered.

Bienville appeared at last, and once more he kept me waiting until he had loaded the two packets; only this time he did not leave with them. I saw Narbonne and Six Fingers return from burying the dead and clamber aboard the second boat. Their gruesome task seemed to have made them excellent friends, for they laughed and talked in an uproarious fashion.

His excellency now approached me, his steady gaze never leaving my face. He abruptly began:

"Monsieur Brampton, your coming gives me a disagreeable duty to perform. I could sentence you to be hung; I have had 12 deserters hung, and a spy is worse."

"That depends on the point of view, your excellency," I replied, rising and facing him. "You would never consider one of your spies to be as deplorable a creature as one of your deserters. May I assume from your words that you do not intend to hang me?"

"It will be the galley," he coldly answered. "I should prefer to send you and other miscreants to work in the silver mines in the West. But that cannot be until I've completed negotiations with the Spaniards."

"Soldiers from Santa Fe have already come to the Missouri," I informed him. "So there is a trail that might be safer than the gulf route."

"So?" he exclaimed, and I knew I had his interest.

Then he returned to my case and said:

"Monsieur Brampton, you know me. It must always be that an eye calls for an eye. Blood demands blood. Treachery calls for executing punishment. I will be just; which means the price must be paid. Whether it's one of my soldiers, a poor savage, or a runaway Englishman, the price must be paid."

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The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Thought is deeper than all speech, Feeling deeper than all thought, Souls to souls can never teach What unto themselves was taught.

—Christopher P. Cranch.

REDUCING DESSERTS

For those of us who are overweight it is wise to choose a light dessert which satisfies the craving for sweets without adding much to the food value of the menu. The following have been chosen as good reliable desserts for such:

Chilled Prunes. With Lemon.—Soak prunes and boil them with slices of lemon. After they have cooked fifteen minutes put them on the back of the stove to simmer. Allow the simmering process to continue until the syrup thickens. Remove from the heat and chill. The long slow cooking brings out the sweetness and flavor of the prunes and they will need no sugar to sweeten them.

Gelatin Desserts of various kinds are especially good for those who are anxious about overweight. One thing must be remembered in serving them, however, that they should not be served with whipped cream or rich sauce, or the very thing which you wish to avoid will result.

Saccharine may take the place of sugar in sweetening the dishes, as it will, in very small quantities, add sufficient sweetening.

Snow Pudding.—To one-fourth of a box of gelatin add one cupful of cold water. Let stand until thoroughly soaked and add two cupfuls of boiling water, five saccharine tablets, the juice of one lemon and cinnamon to taste. When slightly set, add the stiffly beaten white of an egg and beat until the mixture is light and foamy. Serve very cold.

Gelatin Whip.—Soak one-half of a package of gelatin in one cupful of cold water. Add three grains of saccharine, one-half cupful of canned plum juice. When the mixture begins to set, whip until light with an egg beater. Chill thoroughly.

Fruit Coupe.—Buy a can of any kind of fruit liked, such as pineapple, peaches or pears, in ice and salt until frozen. Dice any fresh fruit—bananas, oranges, strawberries, and fill sherbet glasses with the juicy fruit, top with frozen fruit and serve at once.

Apricot Flower Salad.—Cut halves of canned apricots in two. Arrange on leaf lettuce like the petals of a flower with a half of cream cheese for center. Sprinkle the cheese with rhod. hard-boiled egg to simulate pollen and serve with mayonnaise dressing. Chopped nuts may be used instead of the egg if desired.

Honey Dainties.

Honey is not only valuable as a food but has medicinal properties as well. As it is slightly acid, when used in batter cakes, it is a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda added to each cupful of honey used will counteract the acidity.

Graham, Honey.

Leave six ounces of baking powder, one fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Add three fourths of a cupful of molasses and mix with the dry ingredients. Add one half cupful of sugar, one fourth cupful of melted fat, one half cupful of honey and one well beaten egg. Beat well and turn into a buttered mold. Cover and steam for two and one half hours. Serve with—

Honey Cakes.—Mix one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of flour and when well blended add one cupful of molasses water, cook until thick, then add one cupful of oatmeal, two tablespoonfuls each of lemon juice and honey. Serve hot. This is a sauce well liked with baked ham, or pork chops.

Ambrosia.—Mix one cupful of dark honey with one half cupful of melted fat and one square of chocolate, add one half cupful of sugar, milk and three well beaten eggs. Mix and sift together two and one half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of baking powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon and add to the first mixture. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan. When cool cover with a caramel frosting.

Honey Cookies.—Mix three cupfuls of flour, one fourth cupful of sugar, one half teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add one fourth cupful of molasses, one half cupful of melted fat, one fourth cupful of oatmeal, one half cupful of honey, and one well beaten egg. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. These are to be dropped by spoonfuls onto buttered sheets.

Honey Parfait.—Add one cupful of honey with one fourth cupful of water and let it stand. Pour the mixture over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until cool, then add to a pint of cream beaten stiff. Turn into a mold and pack in ice and salt for four hours.

Neenie Maxwell

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If you are nervous, suffer from indigestion, have rheumatism, torpid liver, buy a bottle of Tanlac at your drug store today. See how you start to improve right from the first. Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation.

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Father Albert Negahmunt, an assistant priest at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic cathedral at Oklahoma City, is the only full-blooded Indian priest in the world.

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BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

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No Hurry

"Are you the little girl who said she would be a perfect lady?"

"Yes, daddy, but it isn't time yet."

Knowing us a theory is far less satisfactory than a practical example.

IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW

During these days how many children are complaining of Headaches, Feverishness, Stomach Troubles and Irregular Bowels and take colds easily. If mothers only knew what Mother Gray's Sweet Powders would do for their children no family would ever be without them for use when needed. These powders are so easy and pleasant to take and so effective in their action that mothers who once use them always tell others about them. Used by mothers for over 30 years. Sold by druggists everywhere. Trial Package sent FREE. Address Mother Gray Co., Le Roy,

